

What'er God will, let that be done,
His will is ever wisest;
His grace will all thy hope outrun,
Who to that faith ariseth,
The gracious Lord,
Will help afford;
He chastens with forbearing;
Who God believes,
And to him cleaves,
Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,
My life and my existence;
His counsel is beyond my sense,
But stirs no weak resistance;
His word declares
The very hairs
Upon my head are numbered;
His mercy large
Holds me in charge
With care that never slumbers.

There comes a day, when, at his will,
The pulse of nature ceases;
I think upon it and am still;
Let come what'er he pleases,
To him I trust
My soul, my dust,
When flesh and spirit sever,
The Christ we sing
Has plucked the sting
Away from death forever.

THE MAN OUT OF HIS PLACE.

Coming home late one evening, I met Dr. Saul at the door, radiant. "I've done a good stroke of work this week, Lathrop. Found a situation for Ben Pilley."

"In town?"
"Yes. Why not?"
"What sane human being would ever tether Ben Pilley in a town?"

The doctor's countenance fell, but he recovered himself.

"You're hungry, Tom, and cross. Supper's waiting. Now—after he had seated himself and unfolded his napkin—it was the merest chance of luck! I heard of a clerkship vacant in the Pennsylvania Central Railroad office; remembered that the Pilleys were hard up—"

"As usual."

"As usual—and nailed the place for Ben."

"You don't mean to say you would put Pilley in a railroad office?"

"It is pegasus in cart-harness, sure enough," said my wife scornfully. "In his own profession my cousin Benjamin ranks as one of the first astronomers in the country. Among the young men, of course."

"Certainly, certainly," said the doctor, deprecatingly. "The position is, I know, a miserable makeshift for a man of Mr. Pilley's learning. But it was a case of—well, bread and butter, madam, to state the thing plainly. The Pilleys, since Ben lost his school, really have been in that condition, that—"

"finishing the sentence by a solemn draught of coffee and shake of the head."

"The question is not the fitness of the office to Ben, but Ben's fitness for the office," I said. "Railroad work demands, as I understand it, above all other things, promptitude and accuracy."

"Benjamin will be able to fill any obligation into which he may enter," said my wife, coldly. "My family usually do."

Now, the Pilleys hang on the very outermost branches of Mellicent's family tree. But the doctor and I made no reply. We knew what it was to touch the root or twig of that sacred growth.

"I only hope that he may not lose the chance," said Saul anxiously. "He was due here two days ago."

"Ben is dilatory, I confess," said Mel, with an awkward laugh and a glance at me. "But when he sees the necessity of punctuality in business matters he can acquire it. Anybody can do that."

"I thought you liked Pilley, Lathrop," said the doctor, uneasily.

"Liking is hardly the word. My feeling for Ben has a far off resemblance to that which I had for Mellicent here in our old days of courtship. I learned to know him tolerably well when we went out fishing together during last summer. I never knew a sweeter moral nature. I never received from any man so many glimpses of noble thought or high intuition. His wife is admirably suited to him too. She is a gleam of sunshine to any shady place."

"I never really saw all that in Ben," said my wife turning against themselves for some unaccountable reason. "He's clever enough I grant you. There's a tradition in the family, though, that he was born a day too late, and has never caught up with the lost time. He even put off taking all childish diseases until he was grown. Why, last fall the absurd creature had the thrush—the thrush! And as for his wife, of all the incapable, indolent—I can hear everything about that woman Dr. Saul, but her folded hands and good humor, but that drives me frantic. Sunshine!"

"You'll have them in Pontefract's Woods as neighbors. I took No. 320 for them," said Saul. "You can look upon the whole family as missionary ground, and go to work on it. Pilley will bring them up in a week or two, I suppose."

"At least I'll attend to having the house set in order for them." The door-bell rang at that moment and her face changed. "There they are! That is Susan Pilley's gurgling of a laugh if she's alive, and all the children, as usual, talk at once."

We rose in confusion and followed her. Now Mel's heart would warm to a Thug if he came as a guest. I was not at all surprised to find her with a swarm of young Pilley's clinging to her, while she laughed and kissed and hugged their mother with the sincerest affection. "So good in you to surprise us this way, Susie!" speculating meanwhile in her eye as to where in this box of a house they were to sleep.

"It was Ben's doing. The doctor telegraphed for him to come up last Tuesday,

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

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but he said no. He would bring the whole family and show you all that he could at will with decision and promptly—for once," with the usual accompaniment of a laugh.

"But where is Ben?"

"Oh, he lost one of the checks, for the largest trunk, I believe, and those stupid baggage people would make a difficulty. So he sent us before him. Here he comes," as Ben, tall and thin as ever, and with the usual appearance of having just been blown by a violent wind into an excited good humor, came in.

"God bless you, boys!" seizing the old Doctor's hand and mine. I melted at the first touch. There certainly never was a fellow as gentle and genuine as Pilley. Millicent, when he turned to her, gave her a mother's kiss. Her keen eyes had already seen the patches on his coat, and that Susan and the children, July as it was, were still perspiring in their winter clothes. The water stood in her eyes, with all their keenness.

"Now, could anything be better than this?" cried Ben, flinging hat and valise in one corner.

"All here together once more! I had no hope of seeing the doctor to-night. I tell you, doctor, that offer of yours was the plank to the drowning man. I had well-nigh gone under. And you're just at supper! We're always just in time, Sue. Here, Joe and Jim and Molly," tickling them off with enormous slices of bread and jam. "We're all half-starved—forgot somehow to bring lunch."

"What about the lost trunk?" interrupted Mellicent.

"Oh, it will turn up sometime. I put the matter into the hands of a cabman down there, an honest and reliable looking fellow. I couldn't stay all night. What became of the check is the mystery. I did not put it into the unlucky pocket, Sue."

His wife laughed, giving the baby a lump of sugar.

"Eh! How's that, Pilley?"

"A pocket of mine out of which nothing comes at the right season. Cost us dear, though, lately. You heard of the chance I lost in A—Collego? No? Vacant chair of astronomy and natural sciences. Why, Saul, energetically, 'their observatory I consider equal to that of any in the country. They've one lens there which a man would give years of his life for the chance of using.'"

"Was the professorship offered to you?"

"Yes. The most absurd mistake! The Trustees wrote to me making the proposition, and of course I accepted. It was a closed school. I put my letter in this pocket. No, I didn't neglect to send it, but, when I did, I forgot to put a stamp on it. It was too bad, too bad!" growing serious. "They waited till their patience gave out, and then Boehm, a German from Bonn, was pushed in by his friends. A month afterward my letter came out of our village postoffice, quite clean and fresh."

"The salary was large, I suppose?"

"Yes. But one can make money anywhere. But such a lens—"

"When will your furniture be here, Susy?" said Mellicent, to break the awkward pause.

Ben and his wife glanced at each other and laughed. "To tell the truth, we have none," said Susy. "Ben being out of work of any sort for so long—you understand. It's all gone somehow."

"Oh, we'll soon bring a few traps together," said Ben rising from the table. "Well, boys, I am delighted to be with you once more. I've been anxious to find out what you think of Darwin's last step, eh?"

I was obliged to leave home the next morning for a couple of days, and, when I returned, the Pilleys were established at No. 320.

"We will drop in and look at them," said Saul, who had come to the depot to meet me. When we reached the door the vigorous sound of a violin met us. The floors were carpetless. The furniture consisted of half a dozen chairs, table and iron bedsteads. But the windows were flung wide open to admit the balmy evening air. And the children in their winter clothes tumbled over each other in and out, while Ben fiddled, and his wife, soft and sweet as a May rose, sat placidly beside him.

"But I am more and more in love every day with your Pontefract's Woods," said Ben, after the first welcome was over. "Stuffed! Not a bit of it! There is something vitalizing in the very presence of human life about you. It's a stimulant. Why, at home, you know how I used to creep out of work and be off to the woods half the time. I could not help it, Lathrop. Nature had her grip on me. But here, when a thousand or more of us men set off to our labor in the morning I feel quite as though I were marching in an army. I keep step with humanity, eh?"

"What about the work when you reach the office?"

"Oh! it's a mere bagatelle," indifferently. "Plenty of time for study. I found a treatise by Van Shurz, by the way, in the Philadelphia library, that I've wanted for years."

"What do you think?" said Saul, anxiously, after he had gone out.

"As I did at first. It was a mistake."

"They would have starved if I had not brought him here."

"Better for a man to starve than to attempt any other work than his own. There is so much force wasted. Either the man or the work ends in ruin."

"Very good in theory. But what about the starving wife and children? Besides," continued Saul, when he found I had nothing to say, "the chief of Ben's department tells me that the work is, as he says, a mere bagatelle to him. Pilley is no dreaming book-worm, after all, but a man of sound ability and large grasp of thought."

I said no more, having certainly no right to interfere. But the belief was an old one with me, that every master workman in the world is fitted by God for an especial task, and quits it at his peril for any consideration of comfort or life even. Looking back at Ben's story through the horror that darkened it, the belief was deepened into a superstition.

I had no opportunity of noting how he performed his duties until a month or two later, when I went one day out to a suburban station on the road to meet Mellicent, who, with the baby, had been down in Maryland for a week. She had telegraphed me to expect her on the 9:40 P. M. express train from Baltimore, and I went out an hour before. I found Ben pacing up and down the little platform, with no other duty in life apparently but to drink in the beauty of the indistinct landscape asleep in the mellow September night.

"Yes, this is my post now," after wringing my hand heartily. "I was sent out ten days ago—a kind of promotion, I believe. There's more responsibility involved. Come in and look at my snuggery," watching my surprise with boyish delight. The neat little office was brightened by vines and flowers in the windows, some fine drawings were on the walls, and rare books on the desk. The violin lay near his hand.

"Plenty of time for study. A man is drawn to his real work by a sort of gravitation, eh? One can't sell all one's birthright for the mess of pottage. But what brings you here at night?"

I told him Mel was coming, and could not help being gratified at his pleasure. He was a grateful, affectionate fellow, and Mellicent's little kindness to them had made him very fond of her.

"I had no idea she was coming back so soon. Pontefract's Woods has seemed dull and lifeless without her, especially to Susy. On the 23rd of September, one of the heaviest trains usually. Break off some flowers, Lathrop, and have them ready for your wife, while I—Here, Sam!" to a colored boy lounging on the grass, "run off to the village for some ice-cream. Fly, you rascal! She'll be thirsty with the heat and dust," turning to me.

This was all years ago, but I often waken still at nights with the cold sweat of terror on my face, from dreaming that I am standing again on the dimly-lighted platform, breaking the fragrant syringabunches from the bush, and watching Ben with an amused pleasure as he bustled to and fro.

"Have you a carriage?" coming up to me at the moment the telegraph operator put a dispatch in his hand.

"Station No. 15. Five minutes late." Well! with puzzled look and then crumpling it up, and thrusting it into his waistcoat pocket. "Did you say you had no carriage? There is a cabman here that I know. I'll just run around the corner—"

"But your dispatch?" I said, uneasy.

"That's nothing! I'll look into it in a minute." He ran off like a boy, was gone a short time and returned, bringing a slouching Irishman cracking his whip. "Here he is. Bring your carriage up, Pete. The train is due now."

At that moment the New York express, heavily laden, went thundering by on its way to Baltimore. I stood watching idly how the line of figures in the windows made a long whisk of color against the night, when the sound of a sudden, inarticulate effort for breath made me turn to Ben. He was looking after the cars, holding the open dispatch in his hand. Something in his face told me the whole truth. Yet I was calm as men usually are when death meets them face to face on the highway.

"What have you done?"

"I did not read all the dispatch."

I took it. It was from the train on which my wife was to come. "Station No. 15. Five minutes late! Keep track clear!"

"I ought to have stopped the New York express at the station before this one. They will meet ten miles down the road."

"You can telegraph now."

"There is no station between this and No. 15."

He turned to the Superintendent, who came out of his office and gave him the dispatch, saying quietly: "I neglected to stop the New York train. You see what I have done." And then he followed me down the road. I remember how I heard behind us a sudden outcry of men's voices and then an awful hush, as the comprehension of what was to come, that could not be helped, struck them dumb. I remember duly understanding, too, that they were sending to the city for help and surgeons. Some of the

officials passed us in a few moments, driving furiously.

I walked on down the road and Ben followed me. Some laborers from about the station came up alongside of us.

"If it had been daylight," said one in a subdued tone, "there might 'a' been a chance; but at night—"

"An' both express, and going at full speed—"

After that they were silent, hurrying on beside us. The night was dark. We came at last to where the road made a sudden bend around a hill, below which a creek glimmered in the fog. On the other side of the bend we heard a sound of horses tramping.

"It's the buggies of the men as rode down," said one of the Irishmen. "The trains have met beyond."

They went on. I stopped, I do not know for how long, holding my face against the clay cut in the hill. I remember groping with one hand, and thinking I had a woman's hair in it or a child's. Presently I crept around the bend and down the road.

There, on the side, lay a long train, the engine smoking and puffing—drowsy, but composed, women's faces peering out of every window. From one of the first Mellicent looked curiously, and Sandy beat on the glass with his hands. Groups of men were standing along the road, all talking at once.

"Jake Redmund's on the engine this run," said a brakeman in a crowd near, "and that's all that saved us. Jake sees the light of 't'other train turnin' the hill, and switches back. He hadn't an inch to spare, sir! Jake's got the best eye and hand on this road, and he'll be promoted for to-night's work. If the company don't take account of this night's work of Jake's, it's a great shame. Both them trains saved! God help us! here's one man that appears to be dead!" stooping to lift a body from the muddy track. As he turned it up to the lamp-light I saw Ben's thin face and half-open mouth.

"Pilley has been dismissed from the service of the company," said Saul, a day or two after.

"Of course."

"Then the company were exceedingly unjust," said Mellicent. "Ben never would have neglected a dispatch again, whoever might, that is certain. What does the company expect him to do—starve?"

"I have good news for you," the doctor said, his eyes shining. "Boehm, it seems, would not leave Bonn to take the professorship, and it is given to Ben at last."

"There is poetic justice!" Mellicent said, with a triumphant nod to me.

"That Ben should be rewarded for selling his birthright for the mess of pottage!" Though I was better pleased than she was, after all.

Ben Pilley holds rank now in the world of science, where business men or railroad kings would be looked on as but commoners or Pariahs. But he takes as keen delight in trout-fishing as ever, and is every whit the same old Ben to my mind. Mellicent has just returned from her usual visit to them.

"They have every comfort and luxury, of course," she says, discontentedly. "Cultured society outside and lovely scenery, and all that. But the elegant house is all upside down and the servants rule, and the children go tumbling about in their summer clothes these freezing days, and Susy sits smiling, with folded hands, and Ben fiddles, and they're as happy as kings and queens. It's intolerable!"—Hearth and Home.

Truly Brave.

What did he do, that he should be called brave? Did he hunt a lion or a bear?

No. Did he fight with thieves?

No. Did he have a pitched battle with a boy bigger and stronger than himself?

O, no.

What did he do, then?

He told the truth.

Perhaps you think that did not require much courage; but indeed it did, and only a brave boy could have told it under the circumstances.

But who was the boy?

A man ordered a most elaborate dinner at a restaurant, which he enjoyed and praised much; after which he lighted a cigar, and sauntering up to the landlord, declared his inability to pay for it. "But I don't know you," said Boniface. "Of course, or you would not have given me a dinner!" The enraged man seized a pistol, collared the offender, and taking aim at his head, said, "Now, see if you can get away from me without paying for that dinner!" "What is that in your hand?" the impecunious customer, drawing back. "That, sir, is a pistol."

"Oh! that's a pistol, is it? I don't care a fig for a pistol; I thought it was a stomach-pump!"

A pretty little Ohio schoolmarm tried to whip one of her pupils, a boy of fifteen, but when she commenced operations he coolly threw his arms around her neck and gave her a hearty kiss. She went straight back to her desk, and her face was "just as red."

A Reminiscence of Slavery.

The attachment of many of the emancipated slaves for their former owners is a subject of frequent comment here, and a police reporter gives the following example: An old white woman was arraigned on Wednesday morning for drunkenness, found guilty and sentenced to seven days in the workhouse. She sat down in a corner of the dock, and soon afterward, the court having adjourned, an old colored man came in bearing a pitcher of coffee and a plate of provisions, and approaching the Marshal, he asked in an agitated voice:

"Boss is yer got an old white lady in dar named Riley?"

Some one replied in the affirmative, and the old man's face brightened up at once. Turning to a number of gentlemen who were standing near, he said:

"Gemmen, I heered this mornin' dat de perlice had 'rested my old missis, and I cum here to see her and dey wouldn't lemme in. Dat ole lady, gemmen, was a rich woman onst, and I was her servant. She raised me from a small child, and when I heard of the trouble she was in I felt just like crying; and when I cum here, and dey wouldn't lemme see her, sez I, I sez, she aint had nuffin to eat, and I took all de money I had in the world and fetched it to her."

He then advanced toward the dock, calling her by name, and when she appeared, said:

"Ole missis, here's suthin' I done brought for yer to eat. You was kind to me onst, yer was, and Ise gwine to help dem as was good to me."

The old woman burst into tears as she accepted the bounty of her former slave, and subsequently she signed the temperance pledge.—Wash. Cor. Boston Journal.

Maxims for a Young Man.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to a loose or idle conversation.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.

When you retire to your bed think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Never think that what you do for religion is time or money misspent.

Read some portions of the Bible every day.—Counsels of Life.

Max wants to know how he may break through the conventionality which compels him to leave his girl at half-past ten. Give a minister \$4.50, and tell him to put a stop to it.

A Chicago man has not been bothered by his wife to get worsted for her since the morning he appeared pleased to do such an errand, and incidentally spoke of the engaging young lady who tended the worsted counter.

Spelling bees are becoming the fashionable amusement in London society. After a dinner party at Viscountess Combermere's the other night, the saloons were thrown open and a spelling bee was had. The interrogators were Lord Eliot and Mr. Knox, the umpires being Lord Guilford and Sir William Fraser, M. P. The prizes were awarded as follows: To the Hon. Miss Canning, a large china beehive, made for these occasions; a pair of bronze candlesticks, the Hon. Mr. Plunket; a Roman tazza, Mrs. Legh, of Lyme; a pair of Swiss brackets, the Hon. Mrs. Lowther; Lord Lorne's Poems, Lady Jane Stewart; a statuette of Mrs. Browning, Lord Shelborne; and a paperweight, M. E. Musurme.

John Todd's Reformation.

It not unfrequently happens that when prayers and degradation have failed to check a man in his down-hill course, some incident seemingly changes the whole current of his life. I have such an incident in mind. You may know my hero as John Todd. A few yet living will know him by another name.

John Todd had sunk very low. Once he had been gay, handsome and happy. When he made Mary Somers his wife there was not a young man in our village whose prospects seemed brighter. But the demon of drink seized him. It was a gradual growing of appetite and a gradual going down. Wife and children were neglected; true friends were forsaken; the low and debased were his chosen companions, and poverty and want fell upon his once happy household.

For months and years his friends tried to save John Todd. They expostulated, they begged, they prayed, they reasoned, but all to no avail, and at length they gave up in despair.

One night, quivering and shivering, with not a penny in his pocket, John Todd entered his dilapidated home and asked his wife for liquor. She told him there was not a drop in the house. He cursed her savagely and then commenced to search, professing to believe that she had liquor hidden away somewhere. At length he finds a bottle, the contents smelling like rum. As he raised it to his lips, his wife dashed the bottle from his hand, shoving it upon the hearth.

With an oath John smote her to the floor on the broken glass and staggered away to bed. In the morning his oldest child came to his bedside.

"Oh! papa, do you know what you did last night?"

He had a dim recollection, but made no reply.

"Ay, child, she—she—"

"She saved your life, papa. That was poison in the bottle you were holding to your lips—a most dreadful poison."

"Poison, child?"

"Yes, don't you remember what grandma sent over for mamma to kill bugs with? It was corrosive sublimate and alcohol."

John Todd sank back upon his pillow, and did not get up till noon. When he arose he was very weak and tremulous. He dressed himself and went out into the kitchen, where he saw his wife standing by the fire-place with a napkin bound around her head. He went to her side and laid his hand upon her shoulder.—She turned and looked into his face, but did not speak. He only kissed her and went out.

Only kissed her! What did it mean? Mary Todd caught her hands over her heart to crush back the sudden hope. It was madness to hope now. And yet with the impress of the kiss upon her cheek, and with the memory of the look that accompanied it, she sank upon her knees and wept and prayed.

John Todd went away into the woods where he wandered until nightfall, and with the last gleaming of the setting sun he was upon his knees, his palsied hands reverently folded, speaking a vow to Heaven that his home should once more be happy if he could make it so.

Out of the darkness of desolation even in the midst of ruin, comes the angel of hope and promise to this stricken home. Mary heard and saw and took to heart and gave her smile and blessing to the work.

That was twenty years ago. John Todd has kept his faith from that day to this. He is beloved, respected and honored wherever he is known; and a happier woman than his wife is not to be found.

Tyographical Errors.</

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; it is the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 30, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Institution.

We learn from the *Newark (N. J.) Daily Advertiser* that the deaf and dumb bill was again brought up for consideration in the House on the 21st inst., and was virtually killed in that branch of the Legislature. This is indeed very discouraging to the people of that State, who are in favor of home instruction in preference to sending abroad for it. It may be the case that other States—but New York cannot possibly be one of them—have offered to provide accommodations for educating New Jersey's deaf-mutes. It may also be true that the bill, if it should become a law, would, for the construction of the necessary buildings, add a few cents per capita of taxation for the people to pay for one year; but for any State of the enlightenment and wealth of New Jersey to depend upon other States for educating her deaf and dumb for a long succession of years, instead of taxing herself for one year or a few years a reasonable amount for the establishment of an Institution within her own borders, certainly has a strong appearance of being "penny wise and pound foolish." We have heretofore maintained that that State has always looked well to the educational interests of her speaking children, and we are loth to believe that the great mass of her people are so blind to their own interests that they will persist in sending their deaf and dumb away from their own domains to seek an education that might be procured more economically at home.

There is no other State in the Union possessing an equal amount of wealth and having so large a number of deaf-mutes, that has not already in successful operation a school of her own for educating them. Progression is visibly and indelibly stamped upon the character of the whole American people, and it cannot be long before New Jersey will make better progress on the deaf and dumb bill than she has yet recorded. She cannot for many more years resist the tide of popular opinion, founded upon sound principles of common sense and diplomatic economy demanded by every true friend of the deaf and dumb—a demand pregnant with good financial policy. The true friends of deaf-mutes—and every sensible citizen should be—will soon at the farthest insist upon the more economical plan of providing for their education at home.

New Jersey is a proud, plucky and wealthy State, abounding with schools, seminaries and colleges for educating her hearing sons and daughters in both the common school studies and the higher branches of learning, and it cannot be that she will much longer submit to the unwise policy of pouring so much of her taxes into the treasuries of other States, for doing work which she could accomplish for herself at a much less expense. It is sincerely hoped that the Legislature will rise in its manhood, assert its dignity and pass a bill that will provide sufficient means to erect an institution that will afford ample and convenient accommodations for educating her own deaf-mutes—an institution that shall be worthy of the State which has heretofore sustained an enviable reputation of providing for the educational wants of her children.

The Kentucky Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

We have received a copy of the fifty-second annual report of the above Institution for the year 1875. This Institution is subject to the supervision of a Board of Commissioners, having a President, Secretary, Treasurer and Auditor. The officers of the Institution are Principal, J. A. Jacobs, four male and one female instructors, a librarian, matron, housekeeper and a physician.

The Board of Commissioners of course "are happy to report the Institution in a highly prosperous condition, with a considerably increased number of pupils and all of its several departments in successful operation." "The report of the treasurer exhibits the finances of the Institution in a sound and healthful condition, the funds having been economically managed and the expenditures kept at all times strictly within the limits of the income." They commend the general management of the Institution, and add their testimony to the faithfulness and efficiency of the officers and teachers.

From the report of the Principal, we learn that the past year's history of the school has been one of almost uninterrupted prosperity and success. The total number of pupils in attendance was

87—44 males and 43 females, an increase of six over the number of the previous year. The number in attendance at the date of his report, (Nov. 13) was 91. The Principal expresses it as his opinion that the number of deaf-mutes in the State who are by various reasons deprived of education is fully equal to those who receive its benefits.

Under the guidance of a kind Providence, there were no deaths nor serious sickness among the pupils. During three-fourths of the term the hospital was vacant, and the few light cases of sickness that did occur readily yielded to medical treatment, kind care and good nursing.

The advancement of the pupils in education was encouraging but by no means all that could be desired. The officers and teachers are doing all that is possible to promote a higher standard of proficiency, and have begun the present term with a new organization of classes, a more systematic arrangement of the hours for study, and have introduced some text books and new methods of instruction. Books and methods adapted to the deaf and dumb are exceedingly important as aids in instructing, but they are only secondary, the first and most essential requisite being competent and faithful teachers. It is not sufficient that the teacher possesses the knowledge himself, but he must have the faculty to impart his knowledge to others.

The Principal commends his assistants for their untiringness to fill their respective positions; of the services of the matron in her attention to and care of the sick, her instruction of the girls in sewing, and her influence for good over both the girls and boys, he says: "I cannot speak too highly."

In the industrial department, the printing office has been enlarged, a new press has been purchased with additional apparatus, and five boys are making commendable progress in the art of type-setting and printing. A broom factory will soon be put in operation and the experiment tried with three or four boys, and, if successful, another machine is recommended to be purchased and this trade to become a permanent feature of the Institution. The erection of a cooper shop is also recommended for the purpose of instructing boys in that trade. The trade is easily learned, and would be a profitable one for boys.

Some improvements are needed in the buildings of the Institution. The Institution has never been supplied with gas for lighting the building. There is also a great need for a better supply of water for use in case of fire. The immediate wants of the Institution are provision for lighting the building with gas, the means for obtaining a better supply of water, an additional teacher, and an extension of the accommodations of pupils.

The physician, in his report, says: "The usual good health of the school has marked the past year's experience." He also recommends lighting the building with gas instead of coal-oil as a *secondary precaution* against the development of certain diseases of the eyes. The summary of the treasurer's report shows the expenses for the school year of 1874-75, to be \$13,734.95. With the immediate outlay of expense for the improvement of the buildings of the Institution asked by the principal, the deaf-mutes of Kentucky will not lack the facilities for both learning useful trades and acquiring liberal intellectual instruction.

The Centennial Convention.

We have little or nothing that is new about the project so recently talked over with such gusto. The Committee in Philadelphia have been working to obtain the use of the Institution building "first, last and all the time," for the accommodation of such of the deaf as might attend. They have not yet succeeded and it is doubtful if they do. Since the plan of the gathering is contingent upon the obtaining of the building, the chances are good for having no convention at all.

Homestead Lands.

A short time since we published the statement that deaf-mutes might avail themselves of a hundred and sixty acres of government land. The Homestead Law is no new statute. It was passed by Congress many years ago, and many poor men have by that means become owners of profitable farms. Thinking that perhaps some of our deaf-mute readers had never heard of such a law, we printed it for their benefit, and since then we have received inquiries from some of them in relation to the subject, which we will briefly answer below.

As near as we can learn, such Homestead land is principally located in the following named States, viz., Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and several others. Some of the land is open prairie and some is timbered land. In some sections it is rolling—slightly hilly—and in others it is level or flat land. Part of it is well supplied with running water and some of it is very poorly furnished with water. The latter, of course, would not be as good for grazing as the former, while in many instances the latter is very good land for grain raising.

If several deaf-mutes wanted to get farms by the Homestead Act, they might get up a colony, and locate their land so that their farms would join each other. It is necessary for a man to live on the land five years, at the end of which time the Government gives him a warranty deed of it. Meantime he can work and improve it and have all he can make raising crops. Of course he must pay taxes. The occupant must enter his claim at a land office in the State where he preempts his land. The Government

has much good land, besides much that is poor. A little tact is necessary in order to make a good selection, as it varies much in quality; nearness to railroads, markets and other conveniences.

If any of our readers should wish to preempt some of the Government land, we will furnish all the information we can get. A man going to locate a homestead should have from \$500 to \$1,000 if possible, and by using it judiciously, might have a good farm at the end of five years. Money is needed for starting as provisions must be bought the first summer till a crop can be raised, also to buy one or two yokes of working oxen, a few farming implements and necessary household utensils. Where timber is plenty and convenient a comfortable log-house can be built for from fifty to one hundred dollars, which would answer a very good purpose until the income from the land would warrant the settler in erecting buildings to his taste.

After all much depends upon the enterprise and economy of the settlers. Some would start with a capital of \$200, and in a few years become comfortably situated. Others might embark with a good fortune, and in a short time be hopeless bankrupts. We would neither advise any to go nor discourage them from doing so; every one must exercise his own judgment. It would not be well for a poor sickly man to undertake the project, while a hardy, resolute man might easily succeed. It would be a life that would require some "roughing." One who is successful generally in his business here, would probably be so anywhere; while another who is good to work, plucky and has a fair head for business would stand a very good chance to be a rich farmer in a few years.

Church Contributions.

There are few labors on this earth more worthy of public benevolence and whole-souled charity than those of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. From the very nature of their affliction, the deaf are debarred from taking part in Church services as ordinarily conducted. The mode of worship of one denomination, that of the Episcopal Church, does, indeed, with its prayer book, come the nearest of all to supplying deaf-mutes with the opportunity of following the services without the aid of a friend versed in the manual alphabet. Deaf-mute members of other churches require the assistance of an interpreter. A mother, a sister, some kind friend may, and often do, spell out passages as they fall from the minister's lips in sermon or in prayer, and with such a help, the hour at Church is intelligible and profitable to the pious deaf-mute attendant. But how much better to attend a service conducted in language addressed to the eye—a language every deaf-mute can understand. With the multiplication of this kind of services all over the country, conducted by Dr. Gallaudet or his self-denying assistants, the number of deaf-mutes admitted to the Church, that of baptism and confirmation, has increased very largely as has also the number of Church attendants.

The spiritual welfare of the deaf being thus, under Divine Providence, in such kind and able hands, it is most satisfactory to recipients of this blessing, one, all, and every where, should speed on the good work to the extent of their power. The general management and the various branches are often embarrassed for want of funds to carry out beneficial plans. The contribution plate is too often lacking in the requisite sums. Hospitality is sometimes forgotten to be extended to the minister, and the result is expenditures for hotel accommodation of an amount which, however small, yet counts in a work where funds are never abundant.

We hope and believe that a good many deaf-mutes know and do their duty in this matter. All can not give alms. The times are hard and work not always to be found. Still the cause of the Lord must not suffer. Too many give little when they are abundantly able to give much more. We do not speak arbitrarily, but we wish all to know the plain truth of their duty in this matter.

At a service held in a certain city recently there was a congregation of fourteen deaf-mutes, several of them well to do; yet the sum collected was but forty cents. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

Another Institution Paper.

We have received a copy of the first edition of the *Gopher*—a neat little sheet published at the Minnesota Deaf-Mute Institution. It is the work of the boys learning the printers' trade, and gives a few hours' employment each day to some of the pupils and enables them to be learning some useful occupation at the same time that they are acquiring a literary education. It is a tiny production, but "tall oaks from little acorns grow," or in the language of an insane man who was once speaking in a religious meeting and to illustrate the sure and gradual growth of the work of grace in the heart, said, "the tallest oak was once a sprout; the biggest whale was once a trout," and we doubt not that in due course of time the *Gopher* will become a journal of wide influence and be a useful organ of the deaf and dumb.

An Attractive Book.

We have on the shelves of our library a copy of the Centennial History of the United States, which embraces the period from the discovery of the American Continent to the close of the first century of American Independence. It is a beautiful and valuable octavo volume of 925 pages, embellished with 442 fine historical engravings, and will be furnished to subscribers at the following low prices:

In extra fine cloth, at \$3.75; in library style, morocco back and corners, \$4.50. The book is very attractive, and abounds in useful and interesting histo-

ical facts. It is a book that every American would like to read. It is a book that will sell readily. Agents to canvass for the book are wanted in every county in the Union. It will be sold by subscription only. For terms to agents and a full description of the book, address National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

One of the students in the lower Preparatory Class of the Columbia Institution, died on March 14th, from a complication of diseases. It was Mr. RUTHERFORD, from Wisconsin. Professor PORTER, in a private letter, speaks of him as "a young man of fine abilities and most excellent character."

Mr. and Mrs. M. LEARY, of Tarrytown, N. Y., are sadly afflicted by the loss of their little son Willie, who recently died of diphtheria and whose funeral Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET attended. They have the sympathy of their many friends.

Mrs. Dr. GALLAUDET is still looking well and feeling young, notwithstanding the fact that the birth of a girl to one of her daughters entitles her to the distinction of being a Centennial grandmother.

The proprietor of the JOURNAL has received from Mr. N. DENTON a picture of an Eastern garden called "Dry Sarcen." It is a pencil drawing finished in ink coloring. It is the work of SIMON D. BUCKLEN and is well executed. The scene represents the luxurious grounds and romantic surroundings of one of the fruit and vegetable gardens which in Oriental Countries are noted for their magnificence and luxuriance.

WM. H. RIDER recently gave us a call while on his way from St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., to his brother's in Monroe Co. He is now working for his brother on a farm. Our friend, who bearing our own surname, has often suffered on our account by deaf-mutes giving him the credit of being the President of the Empire State Association. Mr. Rider was in fine spirits, looking well, and enjoyed his call as we did. We wish him abundant success.

LAST week we received a visit from our friends, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. JONES, who live on a farm near Sand Hill, on the Oswego & Rome R.R. Times are hard and money scarce in that section, but Lawrence is plucky and his wife ambitious; and although they may emerge from winter rather spring poor they will outweather the storm and hope for better times.

SIMON D. BUCKLEN, a graduate of the New York Institution, formerly of Westfield, N. Y., more recently of Oneida Co., has been an inmate for the last three years of the Willard Insane Asylum at Ovid, eighteen miles south of Geneva, N. Y. It is thought that his insanity is incurable. He has a deaf-mute sister who has not been heard from since she graduated from one of our New York institutions. Their parents are both dead.

The next quarterly service for deaf-mutes in Trinity Church, Potsdam, N. Y., will be held some time in May. Due notice will be given.

MR. JOHN C. ACKER, of Rochester, N. Y., informs us that the notice published not long since in the JOURNAL, containing the death of JOHN SMITH, was a mistake. Mr. Wm. KELLOGG, of that city, has received a letter from Mr. SMITH, who was formerly a farmer, and also lived in that city, stating that he is alive, well and working for a man in the timber lands of Missouri, at or near a place called Frankfort. He thinks of going south.

SAMUEL QUINBY, the father of Mrs. VALENTINE BRADSHAW, of Quaker Street, N. Y., died at that place on the 23d of December last, aged eighty years. His funeral was held on Christmas day at the Church of the Friends. He was a good and kind hearted man; gave Mrs. Bradshaw a lot in Quaker Street, of ten acres of land on which is a comfortable house and new barn. The estate is worth \$1,500. Evidently Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw are in the enjoyment of a very nice, comfortable home.

In the *Mute's Chronicle* of March 25th appears a five column account of the proceedings of the third Congress of German Deaf-mutes held at Dresden, Aug. 19th and 20th, 1875. The article "sounds" to us very much like a borrowed contribution. It is seldom that we speak of such matters respecting our contemporaries. We have no objections to the *Chronicle's* or any other paper's using short items which are original with the JOURNAL, but when they use a five column article which was furnished for publication by our own special correspondent, we think they might at least credit it to the paper from which it is reproduced.

MR. GILBERT HICKS has our thanks for a copy of the spring catalogue of fruit and ornamental trees, evergreens, flowering shrubs and plants, cultivated and for sale at the Westbury Nurseries (Old Westbury P. O., Long Island,) of the proprietors, Isaac Hicks & Sons. Our friend Gilbert Hicks is a member of the firm, and during the past winter he has set up and printed 3,400 of their catalogues—a pamphlet of 23 pages—and about 3,000 of which he has distributed among customers and strangers on Long Island. The operation of taking up trees for the spring trade commenced about the 20th of the present month. Persons wishing to purchase anything in the nursery line would do well to call upon or address by letter the firm above mentioned, at Old Westbury, Long Island.

We have received an article from the pen of Mrs. A. W. MANN, whose husband is a traveling missionary among Western deaf-mutes, which will appear in the columns of our next paper, it having reached us too late for this week's edition. Mrs. Mann has been spending the winter with friends in West Virginia and is now visiting her father at Dayton, N. Y. About the middle of next month she expects to return to her Western home. Mr. Mann is expected to meet her at her father's and accompany her home.

SEATED at our office table a few evenings since the paper carrier came in, and in employing a friend who happened to be in, as a medium of speech to convey his errand to us, addressed him as Mr. GALLAUDET. The former thought he was highly honored in being mistaken for Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET. The Dr. may have the consolation of knowing that while he is absent, his name is still held in memory by the children of this village.

A deaf and dumb man, named GUNNIX, was run over by a locomotive and killed last Sunday afternoon, near St. Albans, Me.

Democratic Rule in Texas.

A PRINCIPAL REMOVED FOR BEING A REPUBLICAN.

The following card explains itself.—From the statement of Mr. Van Nostrand, it appears that he was removed from his position of Principal of the Texas Deaf-mute Institution for political reasons. We are personally acquainted with Mr. Van Nostrand, he having been our first teacher when we entered the old New York Institution on Fifth Street as a pupil, and can testify to his upright character as a gentleman, and his efficiency and earnest zeal as an instructor of the deaf and dumb. We venture to say that it will be a long time before the Texas Institution will have a principal that will discharge his duties as satisfactorily and capably as he has fulfilled them. We know nothing of the present case beyond what is shown by the subjoined card.

For the good of deaf-mute institutions, it is well that principals and teachers keep clear from politics. The laws of the land and of each State guarantee to every qualified voter his own choice of parties. To remove a principal or teacher for being either a democrat or republican is carrying a joke farther than we are informed as to the legal right of the State of Texas in conducting her charitable institutions on political principles, but even if they are "under the thumb" of political managers, how absurd and ridiculous the idea of removing a competent and satisfactory principal or instructor of the deaf and dumb for voting the opposition ticket. We sincerely sympathize with the above-named gentleman, and hope he will soon secure the principalship of another Institution, or find employment as an instructor therein, which is not controlled by any political ring.

AUSTIN, FEB. 20, 1876.

To the *Supplement of the*

I think it due to myself to inform my associates in the profession that my removal by Gov. Coke from the office of Superintendent of the Texas Institution is solely because I am not a sufficiently good Democrat and working politician to fill the bill.

J. VAN NOSTRAND.

TESTIMONIAL TO PROF. VAN NOSTRAND.

Resolved, By the Board of Trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Institution of the State of Texas, that in view of the eminent qualifications of Prof. VAN NOSTRAND as a teacher of deaf-mutes, the paternal affection with which he is regarded by the pupils, the order, harmony, and satisfactory management which has prevailed in the institution under his control, we cannot but regret his removal, the distress it causes in a happy family, and express a hope that the unfortunate class to whom he has been a blessing may not feel their loss more deeply than we do. He carries with him our respect and best wishes for his future prosperity and happiness.

To be entered on the minutes by order of the Board.

Signed: JAMES E. SHEPARD, Pres't,
A. P. BLOCKER,
WILLIAM H. TOBIN,
G. CROW,
GEO. B. ZIMPLEMAN.

A Young Man Stricken Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

Our readers will readily call to mind a sickening case of wife murder which occurred in the town of Lamartine, a year ago last November. Russell Brown, while insane, in a most brutal manner butchered his wife and then fled, and has never been heard from. Mrs. Brown had been married to the murderer but a few months. She was the widow Booth previous to the marriage, and had several children, among them Elliot Booth, who is now about eighteen years of age. Not long after his mother's terrible death young Booth became insane, and was taken to the Oshkosh asylum. Recovering his reason, he went back, and we believe that most of the time he has been at work for William Stearns. About two months ago, while in church, he suddenly became blind, and remained so several days, and then as suddenly, his sight returned to him. About two weeks ago, while suffering from a severe headache, he became blind a second time, and after a few days could see as well as ever again. On Thursday last, while at work, he became blind a third time, and soon after he was further afflicted with deafness, and then he became dumb. He was to-day brought to the city for treatment. The case is a most remarkable one, surely.—*Fond du Lac (Wis.) Commercial.*

A Miracle.

A miracle has been wrought by nature in the village of Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Frederick Luke suddenly became mute twenty years ago, when he was still a youth. He rapidly fell into a decline, and the physicians only gave him a few months to live. He, however, lingered on from year to year, and since 1872 a gradual improvement in his health became perceptible. A few days ago he joyfully came to his mother and articulated some words, instead of speaking in signs to her as he had done for twenty years. His power of speech is rapidly gaining, and some of the most distinguished physicians of Rhode Island are about to investigate this remarkable case.

Town of Mexico.

FIRST FORMATION IN 1792; SECOND IN 1796.

MR. EDITOR:—The town of Mexico has had two formations; the first was by act of Legislature, under date of April 10, 1792, and reads as follows: "And be it further enacted that all that part of Whitestown aforesaid, bounded east by the east bounds of the military tract (so called) and a line drawn north from the mouth of Cannissago Creek, across the Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario; south by Tioga county; west by the west bounds of the townships Homer, Tully, Marcellus, Camillus, Lysander, and Hamball, of the said military tract, and north by Lake Ontario, be erected into a separate town by the name of Mexico, and that the first town meeting in said town of Mexico shall be held at the house of Benjamin Morehouse."

The bounds above given would include all of the present counties of Cortland and Onondaga, with the west half of this county. Mr. Morehouse kept a log hotel at this time, a little east of the present village of Jamesville, Onondaga county. No records can be found to show that Mexico held any town meeting before 1798. Onondaga county was formed March 5, 1794, which took a large share of the original town of Mexico. Manlius, one of the original towns, included the most part of the county, and held its first town meeting April 1, 1794, at the house of the above-mentioned Benj. Morehouse. From this it will be seen that Mexico could not have held a town meeting outside of this county, unless it was in 1792 or 1793. The formation of Onondaga county necessitated another formation of Mexico, which was done by act of Legislature, and dated Feb. 26, 1796. The first town meeting was appointed by law to be held at the house of John Myer, in Rotterdam (now Constantia). The inhabitants failed to hold their town meeting April 1, 1797, and for that reason the officers were appointed May 20, 1797, by the justices of Herkimer county, of which Mexico then was a part. John Myer, of Rotterdam, was appointed supervisor; Oliver Stevens, of Fort Brewerton; town clerk; Amos Mathews, Solomon Waring, and Luke Mason, assessors; Amos Mathews and Solomon Waring, overseers of poor; Solomon Waring, and Elijah Carter, constables.

The first town meeting of the town of Mexico was appointed in 1798, and was as follows: Isaac Alden, John W. Bloomfield, Benjamin Wright and Samuel Reyes. The first named was from the present town of Williamstown; the next from Taberg, Oneida county; Wright, from Vera Cruz (now Texas); and Reyes, from Camden. Reuben Hamilton, Justice, in 1800; S. G. Wood, 1802; Ebenezer Wright, of Oswego Falls (cousin of Benjamin Wright), 1804; William Burt, of Scriba, 1805; and William Cole in 1806.

The first side Judge for this county, as afterwards formed, was Nathan Sage, of Redfield, in 1802. Mr. Sage was reappointed in 1804, 1805, and 1808. The next was Peter Pratt, of Prattville, who was appointed in 1813 and 1815. This brings it down to the formation of Oswego county, in 1816. The other Justices for Mexico, before the formation of this county, were: John Nutting, in 1806; David Williams and David Easton, 1807; Reuben Hamilton, William Burt, William Cole, and John Nutting, 1808; David Williams and David Easton, 1809; Joseph Bailey and Dyer Burnham, 1810; David Williams, David Easton, Peter Pratt, David Williams, David Easton and Joseph Bailey, 1814; Solomon Everts, and Paul Allen, in 1815.

I think the above will answer for the present.

F. W. SQUIRES.

North Volney, March, 18, 1876.

Narrow Escape of a Railroad Train.

From the *Utica Herald*—ROME, March 23.—What came very near being a serious accident occurred on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg railroad, yesterday afternoon. Train No. 3, which left here about 1 p. m. when about two miles this side of Taberg village, struck a broken rail, which threw the drive wheels of the engine from the track. The train ran some distance in this way, tearing up the track as it went, before it could be stopped, owing to the fact that the engine was in such a position that the engineer could not reverse it.

The track at the place where this accident occurred is elevated nearly fifty feet above the ground on either side. Had the train gone a very little further it would of necessity have been thrown down the embankment. The train was delayed six hours into Ogdensburg. Luckily no one was injured. This is considered by those on board the train to have been the most miraculous escape from serious injury on record.

—Why is a store that doesn't advertise, like Enoch Arden? Because it sees no sale from day to day.

Living To-day and Three Years Ago.

The New York Times compares prices of to-day with those of three years ago, and says: "Remembering how heavy has been the reduction in the wages of most classes of artisans and laborers, averaging for all about 20 to 25 per cent., it will be seen that the cost of living is far from keeping pace with the reduced capacity for earning. The average reduction of price of the various articles of food which find their way to the tables of the working man has been about five per cent., and as the estimate for the cost of food is about half the total expenditure of the head of the family, it follows that the saving on this item is 2½ per cent. In clothing speaking again for the working classes, and the reduction has been about 15 per cent. both for men and women; but there are only a slight decline in the prices for the better kind of clothing, and still less on those of fashionable and high-priced varieties. The cost of clothing for the family of the working-man is supposed to be from one-fifth to one-fourth of his expenditures, which would make the saving about three per cent. on the year. The third item—shelter—includes the house and its furnishings. The reduction in the cost of both may be estimated at between 10 and 12 per cent., equal to three per cent. saving on the annual average cost. The sum of these reductions approximates 7½ per cent. as compared with the cost of the same thing three years ago. If this estimate be correct, it will be seen that the working classes of this city must feel the pressure of hard times with some severity, and it is a gratifying fact that under these circumstances there has been so little demand made by them this winter on the charity of the community."

Coffax's Lecture.

This (Wednesday) evening Ex-Vice President Schuyler Coffax will lecture in the Presbyterian church—Subject "The Life and Services of Abraham Lincoln." Mrs. A. M. Parker, of this village, and Prof. Jase M. Fenn, of Watertown, will perform the following musical programme upon the organ and zither.

Selections from Mozart and Beethoven,

Mrs. PARKER.

Zither Solo, JASE M. FENN.

Organ Voluntary, Haydn's Creation, Mrs. PARKER.

Closing Voluntary, National Airs, Mrs. PARKER.

The doors will be open at seven o'clock. Lecture will begin at quarter to eight.

Centennial Newspaper Exhibition.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., the well-known advertising agents in New York, are erecting a commodious and handsome building on the Centennial Grounds, in which to keep complete files of all the newspapers and magazines published in this country. The entire series will be catalogued, to that every visitor at the Centennial who desires to consult his home paper or any other will be able to do so. Such an exhibition of American newspapers will be an interesting and profitable one. The Centennial, being under the management of Mr. Rowell, we feel confident that the enterprise will be a great success.

The Review Exercises.

Of the Baptist Sabbath School of this village, which took place on Sunday evening last, though not very elaborate, were replete with interest and instruction. A blackboard exercise was conducted by the superintendent, Major N. Hall. The board contained a chart of the International Lessons for the past quarter, written so legibly as to be readily deciphered by the entire school, and which helped the several classes to recite very promptly the titles, topics, golden texts, and teachings of the lessons.

At the close of the blackboard exercise four little boys went on the platform and recited the twenty-third Psalm in a very creditable manner. The infant class also recited some verses admirably, and which, we need hardly say, very much pleased the audience.

Among the most interesting exercises of the evening was one called "The Crown Exercise." Suspended from the ceiling, and reaching within a few feet of the platform, was a large crown, made of gilt card board. Seventeen young ladies and gentlemen stood in front of the platform, each of whom, after reciting a verse of scripture containing the word crown, handed a bouquet to Mr. D. C. Morse, who placed it in the crown. And when, immediately afterwards, four large gilt letters, making the word Jesus, were placed under and attached to the crown, many a one among the audience whispered, "How beautiful!" And the spectacle was beautiful—one that will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it; and it was as suggestive as it was beautiful. On motion of Mr. E. H. Walworth, the school voted that the crown be given to the superintendent, who was as much pleased as he was surprised on receiving such a token of their esteem.

The entire exercises, which were interspersed with singing, reflected great credit on all who participated in them, and afforded much interest to all in attendance.

Volumes of testimony in favor of

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, as a specific for throat and lung diseases are pouring in from all parts of the country.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

—It is noticed by travelers that Ogdensburg people are putting on more style than they used to. They now dip the thumb and forefinger into the meat-dish, whereas a few years ago they made a dive with both hands.—*Ex.*

BY MRS. M. C. CUTTINY.

Written on witnessing the services in the Chapel of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

We saw them as their spirits bowed in prayer;
Calm was each youthful brow, each speaking eye.

No voice of praise, no whispered breath was there,
Yet fervent supplications pierced the sky;
And as the graceful fingers gently turned,
We knew that in each heart devotion burned.

We marked the tearful eye, the crimson cheek,
As from the deep recesses of the soul,
Welled up the fond desires they might not speak,
Like secret springs which gush and spurn control;

And as we looked in awe struck wonder there,
We felt, we knew, that this was truly prayer.
What tho' no labored words may reach their ear,
What tho' no songs of praise they have no part,
The still small voice of God they softly hear,
The name of Christ is music in each heart.
They love Him, and His chastening hand they bless,
And may we ever pray, Oh, for a love like this.
M. S. C. B.

The Manual Alphabet for Hearing Persons.

Stepping into a book store the other day, while waiting for the volumes we desired, our eye caught an elegantly bound quarto volume lying on the shelf of new books. On taking it up we were surprised to find it entitled, "In the Kitchen," and its contents, a collection of recipes and other household lore, interleaved with writing paper for additional notes. It seemed far too dainty to lie on the kitchen table; its more appropriate place would be as an ornament to the boudoir table of the lady of the house. The author is Elizabeth S. Miller, of Boston, who dedicates it to the class in the "School of Cookery," one of the latest and best ideas of the Hub; and the publishers are Lee and Shepard.

We know how to do justice to a good dinner, we should hope; the preparation, we are content to leave with the head of the "Department of the Interior," and it requires a more vivid imagination than we can pretend to possess, to learn from directions how much to take of this, that, and the other thing, and what to do with them—how the whole will taste—no comments on the principal contents of the book need therefore be expected from us.

But as we turned over the leaves, we were amazed to see a cut of the single-hand manual alphabet! Had the fair author, we wondered, in her anxiety to diminish the proverbial excess of *broils and jabs* between the lady and the "help," recalled Fitz Hugh Ludlow's (alas, too fanciful) assertion of the deaf-mute institution, that

"Here too winged thought, unspoken
In review lifts past the heart,
Till its sting is gently broken
Ere its rapid wings depart."

Did she imagine that it would conduce to "health by good living," and to the quietness and contentment which the royal moralist, himself doubtless no mean epicure, declared for the best condition, "In distress and amid affliction, to take a solemn vow of silence, and never exchange a word save on their fingers? Alas, who would wait to clear the ground from sticky fingers and spell out "w-r-e-t-c-h-i" or "a-t-o-o-p-i-d-i" when there was a handier way for the expression of outraged sensibilities, at hand in the rolling-pin? No. The page is headed, "In the Sick Room," and we quote—

"Whispering is so trying to the sick that it would be well if attendants and friends were familiar with the deaf-mute or silent language. The patient himself, suffering from quinsy or any form of throat disease that renders speaking difficult, is most fortunate if able to talk with the fingers, it being so much easier than writing, which requires pencil, paper and eyesight. The alphabet for one hand, which is here given, is simple and very easily learned."

The engraving is no better drawn and executed than the average of cuts in institution reports, but is abundantly plain and distinct, and will give a correct idea of the proper positions for the fingers.

Our readers, both deaf-mutes and others, familiar with the manual alphabet, will thus see that they have it in their power, by a little kindness and patience in their friends, to confer on them a means of communication, not only convenient and pleasant, but also which may be of the greatest service in hours of weariness and suffering. Once learned, the manual alphabet is rarely forgotten; and though much practice is required before a person can read it readily on another's fingers, yet a much shorter time is sufficient to give facility in *talk-ing*. The invalid needs not so much a substitute for *hearing* (which, indeed, is easier and pleasanter than straining the eyes and racking the memory to make out and recognize each letter,) as a means of expressing his own wants, without the injurious exertion of speech.

Hearing acquaintances of the deaf often ask them to "teach them some signs." A few of the more obvious and natural signs are easily taught, but are not enough to serve as a means of communication. Far better, to teach the manual alphabet—the use of which will reflect a benefit on the deaf-mute, in requiring him to use *words*—and thus at once please and benefit both yourself and your friends. A few "alphabet cards" cost little, and will serve a great many persons.

We have no intention of giving any one a "puff," however well deserved; but we must add that we are pleased to know the cards engraved and printed by our friend, Mr. W. R. Cullingworth, of Philadelphia, have been so well appreciated, that he has sold no less than 400,000 of them in the past three or four years. The style Mr. Cullingworth has been issuing, have the single-hand alphabet on one side and the double hand one on the other. He is now preparing an

entirely new and elegant style, with the ground a deep black, showing the hands in white. The appearance is striking and much more distinct than the old style. In these cards, only the one-hand alphabet is shown; on the back, the purchaser, if he orders not less than 100, can have his name printed. Mr. Cullingworth prefers selling only in quantities of 100 or 50; he has repeatedly refused orders for 500 or more, not wishing to encourage peddling.

To many of the readers of the JOURNAL Mr. Cullingworth is already well known; to those to whom his name is not familiar, we will add that he is an accomplished wood-engraver, and was Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Cerebral Association, (which raised the second largest sum of any organization, being beaten by the Fanwood Literary Association by only about one dollar!) and now holds the positions of President of the Literary Association of the Philadelphia D. M. Mission, and Treasurer of the new Lodge of the Order of Elect Surds.

Indiana Notes.

DEAR JOURNAL:—News has been exceedingly scarce—scarce even than chicken's teeth, or your correspondent would not have kept silent so long.

The Institution has been prospering finely and the general health has been excellent, with the exception of slight colds known as the influenza, which commenced about the first of the present month.

Quite a number of deaf-mutes have paid the institution visits lately. Among the most prominent were Mrs. Henry Townsend, of Jonesboro, Ind., Mrs. Plumb Park, of the Ohio Institution, Mrs. Hanson, of Sheffield, Laramie Co., Ohio, Mr. J. R. and Miss Belle McKim, of Madison, Ind. The two last were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Vail. John's visit was rather a flying one. He said his business required nearly all his time. They are shipping 500,000 bushels of Pittsburg coal to Indianapolis now. There is an immense business.

Mrs. Townsend is a very intelligent old lady. No young gentlemen can fail to be interested in her conversation. She gave a brief but very interesting account of the manner in which she and her sisters traveled to school at Philadelphia, before there were any railroads. She said she then lived two or three hundred miles from Philadelphia. The first time she went was in December. She arrived on the 24th. She traveled two hundred miles in a sleigh over the Alleghenies to Harrisburgh, when they were obliged to take a stage for Philadelphia, on account of there being no snow between these two points.

A couple of weeks ago being in North Indianapolis, your correspondent had the pleasure of calling in Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Miles. They are both doing very well. There is a number of factories in that place. Mr. Miles works in the Uddell Ladder Factory; he is quite an adept at the business, and gets good wages—as good as any of the best hands. They think of going to the Centennial and of spending all the summer in the East.

There are probably about thirty-five deaf-mutes living in Indianapolis. Why don't Mr. A. W. Mann come this way, at least once, and try his luck in the Hoosier State? He has been at several places a number of times, but has never held services in this State. He was educated at this Institution, and was always thought to be in heart and soul a Hoosier.

CORRESPONDENT,
Indianapolis, Ind., March 20, 1876.

Casual Notes from Rome.

The late equinoctial storm brought us a large supply of snow, which was subsequently increased by full four inches, making an aggregate of a foot. The material being moist, the sport of snow-balling was indulged in by the pupils of the Institution to an extent suggestive of the fact that they did not expect much more of it during the present season.

Not content with pelting each other, they would lie in wait for larger game, and the professor who showed himself was sure to be greeted with a shower of balls, to which he would sometimes condescend to respond in kind; but more frequently beat a hasty retreat, as remonstrances were vain. In the height of the sport, Prof. Selinay, coming through the girls' yard, in which nearly all the latter were engaged in the healthful and exhilarating exercise, suddenly found himself assailed on all sides. The soft, white lumps came in a perfect shower, and with tolerably good aim. The Professor, instead of running, stood his ground manfully against the great odds and fought his fair antagonists with their own weapons until they ceased from exhaustion. Then, with battered hat and a goodly quantity of snow inside of his vest and down his back, he walked away to repair damages. A brother professor and a dozen of the boys stood by and looked on, but were so absorbed in the battle that they forgot to do what they might easily have accomplished—diverted the attention of the girls by a few snow-balls, and thus equalized things—a fact of which Prof. S. did not fail to take notice and comment upon.

The boys have indulged, of late, in the occupation of building snow houses with board linings and snow men with impossible noses, dropical heads and legless bodies. They might have had much more of this kind of sport, but the idea does not seem to have occurred to them until quite recently. Stating facilities have been limited, and coasting is an impossibility, there being no inclined planes for a long distance around.

Prof. Johnson's neat little mare, Kittie, and his handsome cutter have been in constant use all winter, when the sleighing has been good—perhaps three-fourths of the time, and the turnout is known all over town as the Institution rig, although it is private property.

The Professor has lately purchased a bay horse, a large, fine and speedy animal, which he has named "Jack," and intends for his private use; Kittie being retained for the present, for the use of the ladies, being kind and gentle and easily driven.

Miss H. A. Avery, with Mrs. Chandler and daughter, of Mexico, have now been in town for more than a week, and have contributed much to the pleasure of the inmates of the Institution, where they have spent a good deal of the time.

Recent arrivals have swelled the number of pupils to sixty-four, and a few more will probably drop in shortly. There are many applications on file which cannot be granted until the opening of the fall term in September. Among the new arrivals is Miss Julia Whalen, a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution, who comes here to finish her education. In the intervals of special studies, to which she intends to apply herself, Miss Whalen proposes to teach drawing, supplementary to the painting department, now under the charge of Mrs. Clara P. Johnson, whose pupils have already produced some very creditable specimens. Miss Whalen went through the classes, the other day, to ascertain how many of the pupils were desirous of taking drawing lessons, and quite a number of names were obtained. That evening, in the study rooms, there was a great demand for pictures to copy on slates or paper, and some very good work was done in that line, while there was, of course, much vain and fruitless effort. However, out of the material on hand, Miss Whalen, other things being equal, will doubtless form a class, which shall do credit to the instruction it receives.

A heavy and continuous rain, united with very mild weather, has reduced the snow to a very slushy state, and Profs. Selinay and Chamberlain, who board some distance from the Institution, are quite free with disrespectful remarks about those residents who have neglected to clean their sidewalks, and thus rendered the walking fearfully bad, while they breathe blessings every time they come, in their walks, to a strip of bare, clean flagging.

The papers, we notice, are circulating the rumor that a "phantom dog" has been seen somewhere. The dogs of Rome are both numerous and saucy, and are by no means phantoms; but solid, effective flesh and blood—*teeth*, as one of our professors can testify from actual experience. He would be glad, no doubt, to see phantom dogs supercede every other sort.

The party given in honor of Prof. Johnson's birthday, on the evening of the 15th inst., to which your correspondent, C. S. M., referred briefly in his last, was a pleasant occasion, and the photograph of his class attracted so much attention and was so much admired for its truthfulness that Messrs. Hovey and Brainard, the artists, have sold quite a number of copies and have unfilled orders on hand. Probably every member of the advanced class, and others, too, will ultimately secure a copy as a memento of school days.

The Institution was just one year old on the 22d, and it was proposed to observe the anniversary appropriately, but the previous absence of Prof. Johnson and his late return caused the plan to fall through. As an Institution, its progress has been unprecedented for the first year, and its future is assured so far as anything can be in this uncertain world of ours.

Although it is still three months to vacation, our pupils are beginning to count the weeks which intervene between them and home. This anticipation may serve to help the time along with the pupils; but as for the professors and the rest of the force, their hands are so full that there is so much to occupy their attention that time seems to fly much too rapidly for the proper performance of everything.

Some two weeks ago, we had a few days of mild, balmy weather, and robins put in an appearance, although the snow had not departed. "Hail, gentle spring," was the sentiment among us. But there came another snow storm, succeeded by cold days. The robins disappeared, except one, whom a local paper reports as having been seen sitting on a board fence spelling out a cough mixture advertisement. But I will "shut up."

OCCASIONAL.

Deceitomanie.

This is a name of a comparatively new art that is attracting considerable attention at the present time. It consists in transferring pictures which have been printed upon paper in high and beautiful colors to any object one may wish to ornament, such as fans, work boxes, vases, flowerpots, articles of furniture, &c. When transferred these pictures look as if painted upon the article ornamented, and they are much more attractive and beautiful than they would be if painted with a brush, unless executed by a very skillful artist; indeed this beautiful art offers a complete substitute for the process of hand painting for most purposes. The pictures embrace a great variety of subjects, such as heads, landscapes, animals, insects, flowers, comic figures, &c. The art is easily acquired, and children even soon become experts. Transferring these pictures is a charming pastime for old and young, and serves to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. We have received from J. L. Patten & Co., 162 William Street, New York, who are dealers in transfer pictures, some handsome samples of their goods. These gentlemen will, for the small sum of ten cents, send full instructions in this beautiful art, together with ten handsome samples of the pictures, or for fifty cents they will send one hundred attractive pictures.

21-2

The Northern New York M. E. conference will be held in Potsdam, commencing April 5th. Bishop Warrell will preside.

PARISH.

Mr. C. S. Wightman has gone to Council Bluffs, Iowa, to reside. Delevan Brockway is in Minnesota prospecting.

Warren Brown is appointed constable in place of Hosea Piekens, resigned. By some hocus-pocus five constables were elected in this town at the last town meeting, all residing in the village, making a standing army of only two less than the standing army of the ancient republic of San Marino. Outsiders of the village being such good people, they did not need any constable. We now expect that the village, with five constables, one deputy sheriff, two squires, two lawyers, and a school trustee, will be a bright example to all future generations. Your humble correspondent is an outsider.

Money is very much needed in these diggings. We go for inflation and expansion. The idea of specie payments is a humbug, and always has been. There is no more redeeming power in gold and silver than in greenbacks, neither are they any more money. There is no world's money, as some say. If we take one of our gold dollars to England, we have got to sell it as a commodity to get their money to use there. It is high time that the masses of the people should rid themselves of the false theories in regard to money as promulgated by old bullionists and speculators.

We notice that the School Commissioners are about to take their semi-annual rounds in examining and licensing school teachers. There is one thing that the people should insist of the Commissioners, viz: they should require of the teachers to be licensed, a general knowledge of the leading events of the times, as gathered from newspapers, conversation and observation. The Code of Public Instruction requires that teachers should have this knowledge. Suppose that the President of the United States should die during the term of school, the teacher should be able to illustrate his noble traits of character and leading events of his life, and thus remind the pupils that life.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

There are two fallacies quite prevalent in school districts. First, if the teacher must fail, he had better fail on education than government. We hold the failure had better be on government. We want correct and thorough education in the school, and if we do not have it the time is spent for nothing. Incorrect education is a great harm. With a teacher of general knowledge and aptness to teach, whose very countenance betokens intelligence, he will so psychologize the scholars that they will be easily controlled. Tyranny may create awe and stillness, but will not develop the mind. Second, Better hire teachers out of than in the district. Our experience has taught us that teachers residing in the district where they teach, have been the most successful. These teachers make the strongest efforts to do well, for they expect to reap hereafter more fully than others the fruits of their efforts. Such teachers do not desire to lose reputation at home, and usually such teachers will teach for less wages than others, and this money will be spent at home. By all means hire your home teachers in preference to others, and thus encourage your own people.

Odd.

Parish, March 27, 1876.

A Home-made Carpet.

An Eastern lady says: Have any of you a spare bedchamber seldom used, which you would like to carpet at little expense? Go to the paper-hanger's store, and select a paper looking as much like a carpet as you can find. Having taken it home, first paper the floor of your bedroom with brown paper or newspapers, then put down your wall paper. A good way to do this will be to put a good coat of paste upon the width of the roll of paper and the length of the room, and then lay the paper down, unrolling and smoothing at the same time. When the floor is all covered, then size and varnish, only dark glue and common furniture varnish may be used, and the floor will look all the better for the darkening these will give it. When it is dry, put down a few rugs by the bedside and before the toilet table, and you have as pretty a carpet as you could wish. A carpet, too that will last for years, if not subject to too constant wear, and at a trifling expense. I myself used a room entire summer prepared in this way—used it constantly; and when the house was sold in the fall, the purchaser asked me to take up the oil-cloth, as he wished to make some alterations which would be sure to injure it.

The Camden Bank Failure.

The Camden Journal publishes a card from A. Curtiss & Co., of the Camden Bank, dated March 22, announcing that they have made an assignment to Metzger B. Cook, of Camden, for the benefit of creditors without preference, and says: The liabilities are reported at about \$75,000 and assets at about \$60,000. Unfortunately investments, not in Wall street, were the cause of it. Every one will sympathize with those who may lose anything by this firm, but the members of the firm are to be commended for surrendering without reserve to the creditors all their individual, as well as company property, real and personal. All of the individual property, over \$20,000 in value, belonged to Mr. Curtiss, except Mr. Carman's house and lot.

The following are the delegates and alternates from the 24th Congressional District (Oswego and Madison): Delegates, Hon. John C. Churchill, E. R. Wendall; alternates, George M. Case, Garnet A. Forbes.

Minor Topics.

A single vessel left Mobile a few days ago en route to Liverpool with 6,237 bales of cotton worth \$411,405.

A Boston journal says that New York spends \$2,000,000 a year for flowers alone, and for plants and fruits \$3,000,000 more.

Several years ago the Berlin Museum paid \$24,000 for what were supposed to be Moabite antiquities. It has just been discovered that they are not genuine.

Two railway carriages have been built in Brussels at a cost of \$40,000 for the use of Queen Victoria during her travels on the Continent.

A statistical genius estimates the cost of fences in the United States at \$2,300,000,000, and their annual repair, depreciation, and interest on first cost at \$400,000,000.

A monument to the late Vice-President Wilson by the regular army is proposed. Company D, 16th Infantry, stationed at Humboldt, Tenn., has raised \$50 for the purpose.

A boiling lake, two miles in circumference, has been found in the island of Dominica. It is on the top of a wooded mountain, and is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea.

Sir George Elliott, who purchased the Egyptian railways for English capitalists, commenced life as a pit boy in the mines. He is now the largest coal proprietor in the world, and a member of Parliament.

Columbus, Ga., claims the position of the Lowell of the South. She is now running 35,000 spindles and 1,000 looms, beside many iron and other industrial enterprises. The city was destroyed in 1865, and all these have been replaced with Southern money.

English shipbuilders have just completed several ironclad gunboats for the Argentine Republic. They are of the most powerful class, draw only eight feet of water, are fitted with twin screws, and have a speed of about ten knots an hour. Each carries a 2½ ton 11-inch rifled gun, which is loaded by hydraulic machinery.

Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, who gave the funds for a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," has been petitioned by the citizens of that city to have the corner-stone laid and a model of the principal statue unveiled on the Centennial Fourth of July.

Capt. Eads has made application for the first payment on his work at the mouth of the Mississippi, which was to become due when there was 20 feet of water on the bar. This depth he believes will be reached in a few days, and the full depth of 30 feet will be secured by the latter part of next Summer.

Hereafter every Israelite who can produce a certificate that he has been educated at any school whatever, is to be accorded the right to select a domicile anywhere throughout the Russian empire. The old law forbidding Israelite's residence outside the limits prescribed by the Government is thus superseded.

Visitors to the Centennial Exhibition will be required to furnish the exact price of admission. Fifty cents is the price fixed, and is the only denomination of currency that will be accepted. No change will be given, and two twenty-five cent scrip or any other fractional currency except fifty cent notes will be rejected.

A bill is before the Assembly which proposes to amend the military code of the State so that members of the National Guard not commissioned officers shall be held to duty for five years unless incapacitated by disability after enlistment, and be free from jury duty, and also entitled to a deduction from the assessed valuation of his real and personal property to the amount of \$1,000.

About 20,000,000 tons of coal are mined yearly in Pennsylvania. In the mines unwrought, it is worth fifty cents a ton, or \$10,000,000; mined and brought to the surface, it is worth a \$1.50 a ton, or \$30,000,000; ground, broken, and placed on the cars, it is worth \$2.50 a ton, or \$50,000,000; delivered at the boundaries of the State or on shipboard, it is worth on an average \$5.50, or \$110,000,000, which is the sum annually paid to Pennsylvania for coal.

News of the Week.

Killing frosts have hurt the early crops in South Carolina and Georgia. Montgomery Blane declares for Gov. Tilden for the Presidency in a published letter.

The New-York Republican Convention at Syracuse, on Thursday last, elected delegates to Cincinnati, and adopted hard money, unsectarian schools, and earnest reform resolutions; after vigorous opposition by George William Curtis and others, resolutions were adopted committing the delegation to Cincinnati to Mr. Conkling; the vote was 250 to 113.

The bill giving Queen Victoria the title of "Empress of India" passed its third reading Thursday in the House of Commons.

By a boiler explosion at Laramie City, Wyoming Territory, Thursday, five men were killed and eight wounded, four dangerously.

The business portion of Jackson, La., burned Wednesday; loss \$70,000; insurance \$80,000.

Secretary of War Taft is desirous that the headquarters of the army shall be in Washington.

B. P. Rogers, receiving teller, has defrauded the Fulton Bank, New York, of \$50,000, and absconded.

Two coal miners were killed in the Pine Wood shaft, Saturday, by the fall of a large mass of coal and rock from the roof of the mine.

L. K. Lippincott, Grace Greenwood's husband, Chief clerk of the land office of the Interior Department, has been removed for cause.

It is reported that the House invalid pension committee unearthed frauds ranging from \$20,000 to \$400,000, committed by Henry Von Arnim, pension commissioner between 1869 and 1871.

The shoe factory of Claflin, Coburn & Co., Hopkinton, Mass., burned Sunday; loss, \$200,000.

Second Presbyterian Church of Detroit burned Sunday; loss \$50,000, fully insured.

Near Winchester, Ill., Saturday, a wagon ran off the bridge, and Mrs. William Hogan and three children were drowned.

Saturday's storm did an immense amount of damage all over the country especially in New England; numerous cases of drowning are reported from the latter section.

The German High Court has adopted a charge of treason against Von Arnim.

Floods have swept away the dykes protecting Herzogentooch, Holland; hundreds of houses have disappeared and six thousand persons are homeless.

The first American Episcopal church in Rome was opened Saturday; Bishop Littlejohn, of the diocese of Long Island, officiated.

The London press generally censures Mr. Disraeli for his action in agreeing to withdraw the facts of Mr. Cavé's report on Egyptian finances.

General Reynold's expedition, which left Fort Fetterman, W. T., on the 1st to punish the Indian marauders under Crazy Horse, have returned, having been very successful. A large amount of ammunition accumulated by the Indians was destroyed.

The Special Committee of the Association of Congregational Ministers will recommend taking no action on the Beecher scandal at present.

Treasurer Now has withdrawn his resignation for the present at the request of the President and Secretary Bristow.

Floods have done \$350,000 damage at Clinton, Massachusetts.

The Emperor of Brazil left Rio Janeiro on the 26th for America.

Colonel Gordon, of the African exploring expedition, expects to reach England in October.

Don Carlos is reported to be so little pleased with his reception in England that he thinks of leaving it.

The small-pox is alarmingly prevalent at Sloatsburg, N. Y., on the Erie railway, and it is reported that the district school authorities have closed the district schools to stop the spread of the disease. Several scholars have died, and more are now down with the disease.

A gold medal valued at \$200 has been prepared for presentation to the New York Seventh regiment by ex-members of the regiment in San Francisco, to be competed for by members of the regiment as a prize for marksmanship. It will be forwarded in a few days.

The survivors of the emigrant ship Strathmore, which was wrecked in the South Pacific on the 1st of July last, lived upon the rocks for six months, subsisting upon sea-birds and their eggs.

The Supreme Court Monday decided in the Kentucky election case that the Federal Election law, under which certain white parties were indicted for interfering with the exercise of suffrage of colored voters is unconstitutional and void.

The German revenues for 1875 exceed the expenditures by 4,000,000 thalers.

The Midland Railroad Company is now constructing sleeping cars at the shops in Norwich, which are intended to supply the wants of the people along the line who will visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. It is proposed to furnish the cars to parties from any town or city on the line of the road for a fixed price per coach per round trip, remaining three days on the Centennial grounds.

American women seem to have taken a fresh start in the way of self-help, and women's clubs are springing up all over the country. Mary A. Livermore says of these organizations: "Sometimes they are formed for mutual improvement and literary culture, as at Pittsburgh and at Perry, N. Y. Sometimes, among the young people, there are 'cooking clubs,' as at Syracuse, N. Y., where, also, since the 'Woman's Congress,' held last October, 'art clubs' have been organized among women and maintained with great and enthusiastic interest."

DRIFTS.

Citizens of Oswego are moving for a new charter for their city.

Charlie Dayton came home last week, and is sufficiently recovered to be able to take a short walk yesterday.

Ex-Vice President Colfax will be the guest of Mr. J. M. Hood during his stay in town.

The World Renowned Cushman Concert Troupe will give one of their famous Concerts at Mayo Hall, Friday evening, March 31.

Those who settle their accounts only once every hundred years, are respectfully notified that the time is up, this is the year.

The Governor has signed the act authorizing the Supervisor of Hastings, Oswego county, to collect certain highway taxes.

Seth Green caused thirty thousand salmon trout to be put in Cayuga lake, and five thousand brook trout in Howland mill pond, Union Springs.

Rev. J. P. Stratton being unable to preach on Sunday, Rev. James Skinner, of Syracuse, filled the pulpit with great acceptance, preaching morning and evening.

Pronouncing matches are rapidly taking the place of spelling bees in California, the promoter spelling out the names of local towns and counties being obliged to pronounce them correctly.

Orin Maybee has purchased the farm formerly owned by L. M. Willis, and occupied by Lavior Willis, in South Richland. Mr. Maybee takes possession the 1st of April.

A decision was rendered last week in Seneca county, invalidating a grand jury for a clerical error of a single letter in a name. William Gamber was drawn as a juror and William Gamber was summoned and served.

Hon. C. Whitney and C. Fred Whitney have moved their law office from the Neal block to the Oswego City Savings Bank building, where they have secured pleasant and commodious quarters.

Sheriff Frank S. Low, from Pulaski, Oswego county, delivered to the Onondaga county penitentiary Friday, the following prisoners: Geo. Grady, burglary, third degree, two years; Wm. Andrews, burglary, third degree, two years; Geo. Champion, burglary, third degree, two years.

Rev. G. L. Paine has resigned his pastorate of the church at Prattville and will preach his farewell sermon at that place next Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and at Texas at 2 p. m. He has received a call from a church on the borders of this State, but, we learn, has not yet accepted it. Wherever located we wish him success.

A resolution was introduced in the State Senate on Tuesday of last week, providing for an amendment to the Constitution, to enable itinerant preachers to vote without the required residence of four months in any given county. This, it is said, will, if passed, give to some fifteen hundred ministers in this State a privilege which they do not now enjoy.

Dr. Randall, an old and highly respected resident of this village, died Tuesday morning last. Dr. Randall, previous to his taking up the practice of medicine, was a Methodist minister, and cheerfully endured the privations incident to the early days of the itinerancy. For many years he has been among us, and he will be greatly missed. He has been in failing health for some time, but bore his sufferings patiently. We may surely feel that in his case, our loss is his eternal gain. He will be buried with Masonic honors, and the funeral takes place at the M. E. church to-morrow (Thursday) at 3 p. m.

About two and a half miles from this village, on the road to Colosse, lives a widow lady by the name of Stansberry, who has a daughter named Martha, nineteen years of age, who was taken sick about nine weeks ago. She was taken first with pain in her side; then she had acute spasmodic pains in the left breast; from there it went to the esophagus, and every time she attempts to swallow anything she is thrown into spasms, and therefore no food can be got into her stomach. On the morning of Feb. 26th, with the assistance of Dr. C. E. Heaton, she swallowed one teaspoonful of cream. About three weeks ago, the interjection of about a pint of milk was performed, but she could not retain it upon her stomach. It is therefore 38 days since she has taken any nourishment, save a few drops of water, which have not probably passed down her throat. She is averse to any effort to help her. She has lost her sight, hearing and speech but is still conscious.

For Sale or to Rent.

The Fine Octagon Dwelling,

NEAR the Denton place on Castle street, Geneva, N. Y., with two acres of land, carriage-house, large variety of fruit trees in bearing age, house first-class, brick, with stone basement, tin roof, iron veranda all around the building, modern improvements, bath rooms, range, stationary wash tubs, fine parlors, dining room, four bed rooms, all in fine order, supplied with spring and soft water, good well, and head water for fountain. One of the best residences in the State, 12 miles from Geneva. Post Office, Railroad Depot, and Boat Landing, near the best schools and college,

Kim's Last Whipping

There was once a wretched little unpainted school house that stood in a sand-bank all summer, and in a snow-bank all winter, waiting for a strong north wind to blow it over.

"Say, what will you sell that school house for?" asked a traveler of a little boy, who stood on one foot on a rickety door-step.

"For a bunch of matches," answered the little boy as quick as thought.

The man laughed and rode on. The boy was Kimball Price, the rogue of the town of Skoodac district number three, and a try-patience of all his teachers. He was a handsome lad, ten years old. I do not mean that he was always ten; but that was his age when Miss Pentecost whipped him, and that is where our story begins.

Now, Miss Pentecost taught the school that summer at district number three. She liked Kim—everybody liked him; but that was no reason why he should be allowed to tie the girls together by the hair—they were long braids in those days—or fire paper-balls, or eat choke cherries, or stick pins in the benches to make the A B C scholars cry "O!" when they were not saying their letters. Miss Pentecost never winked at their nightmares; and as whippings were fashionable at that period, she whipped Kim regularly three times a week. It was considered the most direct way of reaching his conscience.

But Kim could never remember a whipping more than a day and a half, or at the longest, three days, and Miss Pentecost began to grow discouraged. Must Kim always go on doing mischief, and neglecting his lesson—a boy who could learn so well if he chose?

She knew his mother—a poor widow, with a large family of children—and she was sure Mrs. Price could not afford to send Kim to school merely to play.

"What can I say or do to make an impression on that child?" thought Miss Pentecost, one day, as she tied the strings of her gingham "dog cabin" under her chin, and stepped out of the school house.

Just then she caught these words spoken by Kim with great energy, and a flourish of fists:

"Tell you it's true, Bob Whiting, for mother said so; and if mother says it's so, it's so if it ain't so!"

Miss Pentecost laughed all to herself, and passed on through the sand bank onto the dusty road. When she had gone as far as the big willow, she paused a little and laughed again.

"I like to hear a boy talk so about his mother, even if it is nonsense. Kim is an affectionate little fellow, and I shouldn't wonder if he is a pretty good son. Anyway, I've got an idea, and I mean to try it, and see how it will work."

Next day was the time for one of Kim's regular whippings. He had been more trying than usual, and Miss Pentecost sent Job Whiting out for a remarkably strong birch stick, which could express her feelings better than the old, which stood in the corner. She spent some time in trimming the new twig, though she was careful to leave a few little knots on it, which would give emphasis to the blows.

"I don't think I ever saw a better birch stick," said she, looking at it admiringly.

"Now, Kimball, you may take off your jacket."

He was so used to taking it off that he always kept half the buttons unfastened to save time.

Miss Pentecost gave him an unusually hard whipping, and after it he cried till he could hardly see out of his eyes. He thought that was enough, and it was what the boys call a "square thing," but at night, as he was running out of the school house, whistling, Miss Pentecost called him up to her desk.

"Well, Kimball, I've whipped you hard to-day—very hard."

Kim thought there was no doubt about that.

"Yes'm," responded he, meekly.

"Look at this stick. Didn't I take pains to get a good one?"

"Yes'm," said Kim; but he did not gaze at the stick as if he loved it.

"Do you know, Kimball, it's very hard work to whip you? It lames my arm, and it hurts my feelings. Really, I can't afford to do it day after day for nothing."

Kim looked up with surprise. This was a new view of the matter.

"You understand me, Kimball? I can't afford to do it for nothing any more. There's not another boy in school I've whipped so often as you; and this time I must be paid for it. Don't you think that's fair?"

"Yes'm," said Kim, in intense amazement, his eyes as black and shining as watermelon seeds.

"Well, Kimball, I think it's worth at least twenty-five cents; and I don't want you to come to school to-morrow without you bring me the money. Tell your mother about it, and tell her if you don't bring it, I shall have to send you home for it. Good night, Kimball, and remember what I say."

"Yes'm."

"What did she do to you this time?" asked Joe Fuller, who had been waiting outside.

"O, go 'long, now; she didn't do anything to me," replied Kim, sheepishly. "Come, let's go down to the pond and catch blood-suckers."

Next morning, about school time, Kim stole along into the shed kitchen, and hung about the cheese tub, where his mother was cutting curd.

"Why don't you start for school—You'll be late, my son."

"The mistress whipped me yesterday," muttered Kim, helping himself to a lump of curd.

"Did she? Well, I've no doubt you deserved it. There, run along, and see if you can't be a better boy to-day."

"But mother—"

"Well, what?"

"Well, you see, the mistress—"

"Well, speak it out, sonny. I'm in a hurry."

"Why, you see, mother, the mistress wants twenty-five cents for whipping me."

"Twenty-five cents?"

"She says it lamed her arm," said Kim, hanging his head. "She says she can't do it for nothing, and if I don't bring it she'll have to send me home."

Mrs. Price looked down at the curly-haired culprit with a twinkle of fun in her eyes—she had black eyes very much like Kim's.

"Well, sonny, go get my purse out of the end cupboard. If I am poor it shan't be said that I don't do all I can for my children's education."

Kim brought the purse—a red worsted one, with steel rings.

"Yes, here is a silver quarter, with the pillars on it. We are out of gingerbread, and I was going to spend it for molasses, but never mind, I don't blame Miss Pentecost. I know it was hard work to whip you, and she deserves the money."

"Thank you, Kimball," said Miss Pentecost, in a low voice, when she received the bright new quarter. "Didn't your mother think I deserved it?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, his chin sinking into the hollow place in his neck.

"I thought she would. Well, now, my dear, I shall carry this quarter home and keep it; and next time I whip you, you must bring me another. Do you understand?"

Kim scowled down at his little bare toes, and tried to stick them into a crack in the floor. Why, this was getting serious. Would the woman keep on crying "quarters" forever? It was perfectly ruinous. His mother had all she could do to support the family before; but what would become of them now?

"You may take your seat," added Miss Pentecost, still in a low tone, so that no one could hear, but with a smile that exasperated poor Kim. "It is dreadful that you will be naughty; but then, you see, the more I whip you the more money I shall get; and perhaps before the summer is out, I shall have enough to buy a new dress."

"No, you don't," thought Kim, shutting his teeth together. "Catch me letting my mother buy a new dress for you! Why, we've got to go without gingerbread to-day. You don't get another chance to whip me for one while, ma'am—now, you see."

To avoid a whipping it was necessary to study, for Kim was a boy that must be busy at something. He saw Bob Whiting go to sleep, and longed to drop a tame cherry into his mouth. He saw Joe Fuller sauntering down the aisle, straight before him, and it was the "cutest chance" to trip him up. But Kim resisted all these allurements and fifty more and he got his geography lesson so well that Miss Pentecost patted him on the head, and said, "That's my good boy,"—which would have been delightful if he could have forgotten that gingerbread!

Next day he tried studying again, and rose to the head of his spelling class.

"Why, I haven't had a whipping since Tuesday," thought he, Saturday noon, as he ran home with the silver medal on his neck.

After that he seemed somehow to fall into the habit of studying. Study is a habit, let me tell you, just as much as playing, though I suppose it is rather harder to acquire.

The little fellow's will was aroused, and that was precisely what he needed. In short, Kim had had his last whipping from Miss Pentecost or anybody else, and instead of being the most troublesome boy, he became the best scholar in school.

"I shan't be able to buy that dress after all," said she the night before she left Shoodac; "but, Kim, dear, I know you are glad."

"Yes'm," replied Kim, meeting her with a smile.

"And I'll keep the quarter to remember you by. Your mother says she wishes me too."

"Yes'm."

Kimball Price is now one of the wealthiest and most respected men in his native State.

"And that man," said Squire Hathaway, the other day, in his fourth of July oratory, "was educated over here at Skoodac, boys, in that little, black school house, that is so poor and miserable, that when it took fire a few years ago it wouldn't burn down."

Mr. Kimball Price returned from Europe last May with his wife, and I heard Mrs. Hathaway say—she was once Miss Pentecost—that she thought her last whipping made a man of him.

"He wanted that old quarter of a dollar," said Mrs. Hathaway, laughing; "but I couldn't bear to part with it, so he cut it in two, and we've each of us got half."

The Burning of Moscow.

The burning of Moscow, in 1812, is one of the most noted conflagrations on record, not only on account of its magnitude, but for its historical importance.

The French entered the city September 14th, Napoleon proposing to make it his winter quarters, on that very day several fires broke out but little attention was paid to them by the invading army until the next two days, when they had acquired great headway. On the 17th a high wind arose, and the flames spread rapidly in every direction; by the 18th the whole city appeared a sea of flame, and by the evening of the 20th, nine-tenths of it was reduced to ashes. The total number of buildings destroyed is stated at between 13,000 and 15,000. The Russians at the time in order to cast odium on the French, attributed this conflagration to the orders of Napoleon. It is now, however, generally acknowledged that the fires were the work of the Russians themselves, and that they were

kindled by the orders of the governor, Rostoptchin, acting beyond all doubt under the sanction of the Emperor Alexander, without which it is hardly conceivable that the governor would have ventured such a step. The object was to deprive the French army of shelter from the winter. Ample precaution had been taken to ensure the destruction of the city. Inflammable materials were placed in deserted mansions in every quarter, and the torch was applied simultaneously all over the city. In burning the French out of their proposed winter quarters, no provision had been made for the safety of the inhabitants, who were driven to seek shelter in the surrounding woods; and it is affirmed that more than 20,000 sick and wounded perished in the flames.

The direct loss to the French is put down at 40,000; and beyond this it involved the retreat in the dead of winter, and the almost complete annihilation of the great French army. This act which the Russians at the time repudiated, is now considered by them as their highest glory, the great example in history of national self-sacrifice for the destruction of an invader.

The Old Boston Elm.


There was a very strong attachment to the old elm; or the "big tree on the Common," as it was once familiarly known. The news of the total destruction will cause feelings of deepest regret to thousands now scattered abroad, who remember it in its prime and grew up beneath its shade. A literary gentleman who lived in Europe many years, on his return to Boston walked from the depot to the Common and saluted the majestic monarch in recognition of his renewed allegiance to "the hub." There is no other tree standing in Boston which is historic, and even the places where some trees stood as silent witnesses of great deeds are forgotten. This old elm was once known as the "Liberty Tree." The original Liberty Tree stood near the corner of Essex and Washington streets, and the site is now occupied by "The Liberty Tree Block," built by the late David Sears. This tree was dedicated by the Sons of Liberty on the 14th of August, 1765. The tree was felled by the British during the last week in August, 1775, and at that time it was 119 years old. It was cut up and made fourteen cords of wood. The old elm on the Common was known as the Liberty Tree in 1784. It was no doubt about the same age as its distinguished contemporary, which was selected for Liberty honors on account of its more central location. This would make the old elm on the Common two hundred and twenty years old at the date of its overthrow. When the foundations for the present block were laid some twenty-five years since, roots of the Liberty Tree were found, and are still retained as mementos.

The trunk of the old tree which fell on this Centennial year should be sent to Philadelphia, and there used as a rostrum for the use of the orators, and we hope the city will mark its site by some monument, or perhaps a fountain with appropriate commemorative inscriptions would be appropriate.—*Boston Journal.*

—A boarding establishment—a carpenter's shop.

—A Scotch minister, who was famed for his dryness in the pulpit, called on one of his aged hearers, and, as usual, partook of a cup of tea. He remarked to the guide wife that her teapot ran very slowly. "Deed, aye," quoth the guide wife, "it's like yerse!" It has an unco' bad delivery."

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